

WEEKLY
COMIC
BOOK

The Detroit News

THE HOME NEWSPAPER

3 COMPLETE
STORIES

SUNDAY, JULY 7, 1940

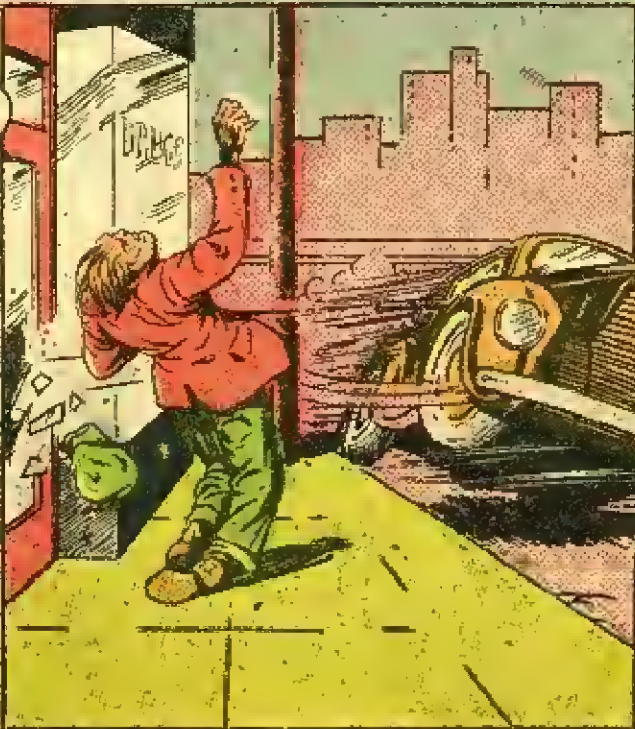


SOMEWHERE IN NEW YORK CITY...

HULLO, COMMISSIONER DOLAN?
DIS IS "FINKY," DA STOOL... LISSSEN,
I GOT A HOT TIP! SOMETHIN'
DAT'LL MAKE MURDER AN'
ROBBERY SEEM LIKE KINNERGARTEN
GAMES... I'M CALLIN' FROM A
PAY BOOTH... YEAH, I'LL BE
RIGHT OVER...

AS FINKY STEPS FROM THE STORE
A CAR SWERVES AROUND THE
CORNER... FROM ITS WINDOWS
POURS A HAIL OF LEADEN DEATH...

AND WITH THE SUDDENESS OF ITS
APPEARANCE, THE MURDER CAR
CAREENS OFF, LEAVING ONLY THE
TWITCHING BODY OF FINKY THE
STOOL, HUDDLED IN
THE GUTTER...





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS

IN ALL MY 25 YEARS
ON THE POLICE FORCE
I HAVE NEVER SEEN THE
LIKE OF IT!

I GOT A NEW
BATCH ALL
LINED UP. WANNA
LOOK 'EM
OVER, CHIEF?

IN THE LINE-UP

WE'RE HERE FOR
OUR HEALTH...
WHERE'S MY
MOUTHPIECE?
I AIN'T SAVIN'
ANOTHER
WOID!

WHY ARE
YOU AND
YOUR GANG
IN NEW YORK
MIKE??

STEP
DOWN!

BAH! NO USE! CAN'T GET
A THING FROM 'EM... FOR
THE LAST TWO MONTHS
EVERY BIG-TIME GANGSTER
IN THE UNITED STATES
HAS BEEN ARRIVING IN
NEW YORK... SOMETHING BIG
IS BREWING... FINKY TRIED TO
TIP ME OFF AND WAS KILLED
BEFORE HE REACHED ME...
SOMETHING HOT WAS WHAT

HE SAID...
SOME-
THING
HOT!

IN A QUIET RIVERSIDE DRIVE HOTEL,
THE BLACK QUEEN, NOTORIOUS
FEMALE MOUTHPIECE SILVEY'S
A MOTLEY COLLECTION
OF GANG LEADERS

REGAN.
MORGAN.
MONKS.
SHIFTY.
ALL HERE?
FINE!

BLACK QUEEN, YEAH...
WE'RE ALL HERE! WE ALL
KNOW THIS JOB'S GONNA
BE BIG, BUT WHAT IS IT?

YEAH!
MY MOB'S
GETTIN' NOIVIS.
SPILL IT!

WE ARE GOING TO HOLD
UP NEW YORK CITY AND
ROB IT OF FIFTY MILLION
DOLLARS!

WHAT?!

!??

NOT SCARED, ARE YOU, BOYS?
I WANT 25 MILLION FOR MYSELF...
THE REST YOU CAN SPLIT
AMONG YOURSELVES.
HERE'S MY PLAN...

WE HAVE A THOUSAND
GANGSTERS... 500 WILL
COVER THE BRIDGES!
NO ONE GETS IN OR
OUT OF MANHATTAN!
100 MEN GET INTO
POLICE HEADQUARTERS
AND BARRICADE IT! CUT ALL
TELEPHONE WIRES!

...THE REST WILL COME WITH
ME TO THE TREASURY
BUILDING... WE'LL CLEAN IT OUT...
LOAD THE
MONEY INTO
ARMED TRUCKS...
SPEED THROUGH
WESTCHESTER
COUNTY AND
ESCAPE, SIMPLE?

IN HIS HIDE-OUT IN WILDWOOD CEMETERY, THE SPIRIT TINKERS WITH A STRANGE LOOKING WINGED CAR.



SUDDENLY THE CAR'S RADIO BLARES FORTH A POLICE CALL.



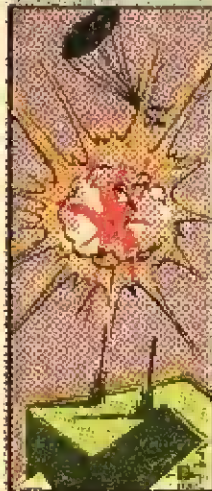
AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...



WITH A POWERFUL ROAR, THE CAR ZOOMS FROM THE HANGAR, WHOSE CAMOUFLAGED DOORS CLOSE IT FROM VIEW.



PLUCKY GUARDS OPEN UP FROM THE SUB-TREASURY ROOF WITH ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE.



A FEW SCREAMING GANGSTERS GO DOWN IN FLAMES.



BUT MOST OF THEM LAND ON THE ROOF AND CAPTURE THE BUILDING.



GET THE NITRO-GLYCERIN AND WORK ON THOSE VAULTS.. WE'VE ONLY A FEW HOURS!



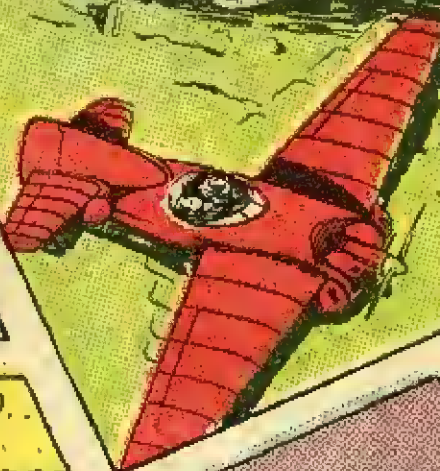
MEANWHILE, THE SPIRIT RODES TOWARD NEW YORK

STOP! OR WE'LL BLAST YA!

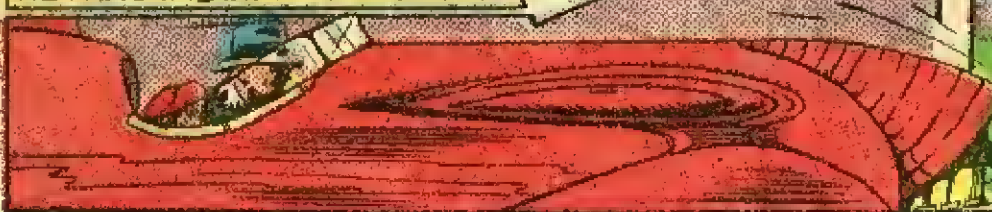
GANGSTERS BLOCKING THE HIGHWAY... I'M BEGINNING TO GET THE IDEA!



THE CAR SUDDENLY SPROUTS WINGS

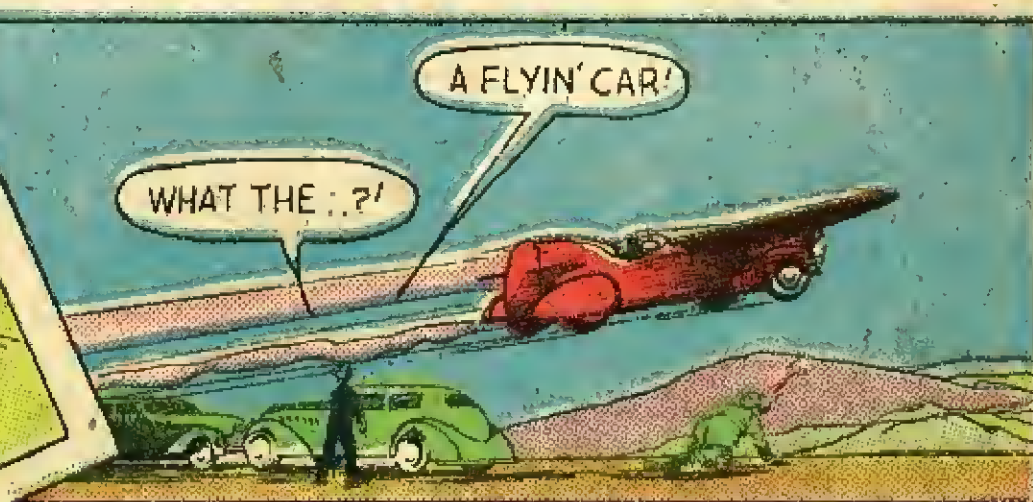


THE WINGS FOLD INWARD. THE HOOD SLIDES OVER RETRACTABLE PROPELLORS.

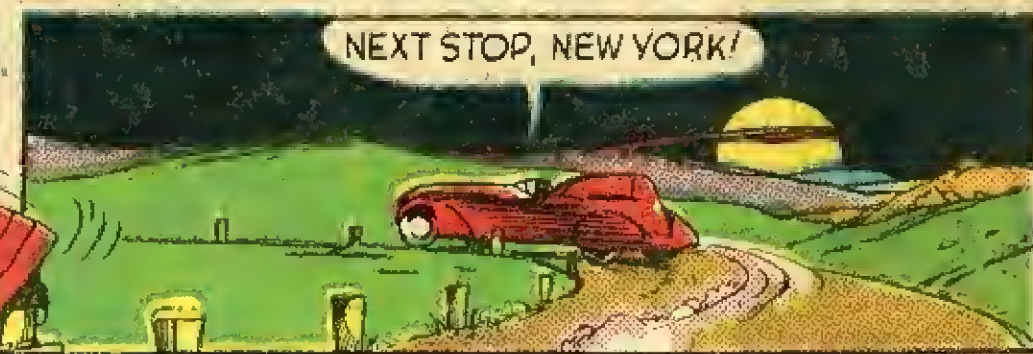


A FLYIN' CAR!

WHAT THE...?!



NEXT STOP, NEW YORK!



HELLO..DIS IS UNIT 2 CALLIN' THE BLACK QUEEN. EVERYTHINGS O.K. DOWN HERE AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS....



LISSEN, PIKER, I'M GETTIN' SCARED!

YEH! LET'S PULL OUT! ONLY A HUNDRED O' US GUARDIN' THOSE COPS!

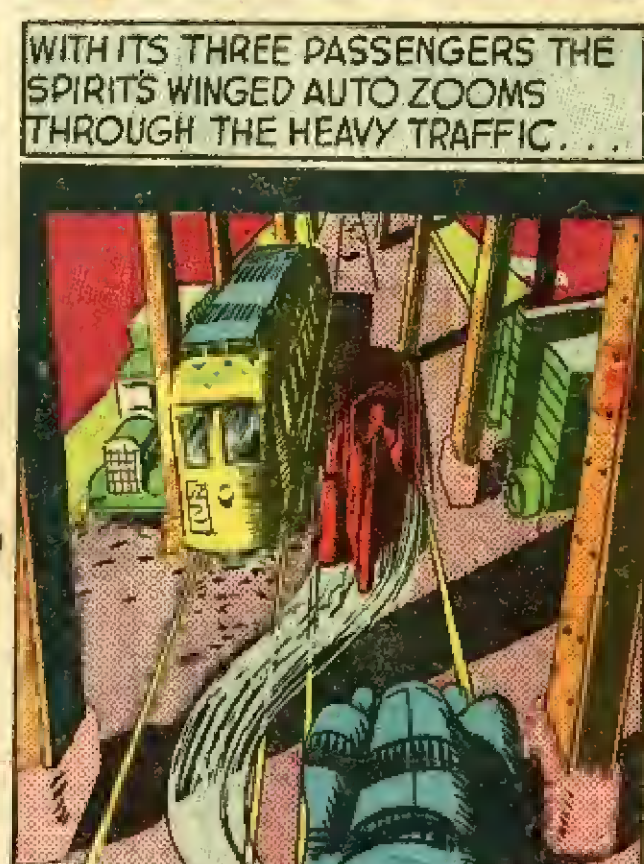
SUDDENLY A TALL FIGURE STANDS IN A WINDOW.



THE SPIRIT!! SHOOT!

BUT THE DAREDEVIL CRIME FIGHTER IS TOO QUICK, EVEN FOR GANG GUNS.





NOW, PUNK! SPILL IT... WHO'S RUNNING THIS SHOW!?

B-BLACK QUEEN.. DON'T HIT ME AGAIN.. THE COMMISSIONER IS IN D'NEXT ROOM!

DOWN THE SILENT CORRIDORS SPRINTS THE SPIRIT

THE SPIRIT!

GOT TO HAND IT TO THE BLACK QUEEN... SHE SURE CAN THINK UP SUPER CRIMES!

DOLAN!

BOY, I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU!

SUDDENLY A VOICE COMES IN OVER THE RADIO...

RIOT AT TIMES SQUARE! RUMOR THAT POLICE HAVE BEEN CAPTURED AND LOCKED IN... ANSWER!! FOR MERCY'S SAKE... ANSWER! THAT IS ALL! CAR NO. 6....

GOOD GOSH! I CAN'T! THE WIRES WERE CUT!

GET A LOUD SPEAKER, AND COME WITH ME!

WITH ITS THREE PASSENGERS THE SPIRIT'S WINGED AUTO ZOOMS THROUGH THE HEAVY TRAFFIC...

AND SPROUTING ITS WINGS, CIRCLES ABOVE THE MILLING THROG

THE RUMOR IS FALSE... GO HOME!

ON THE ROOF OF THE TIMES BUILDING

I'LL DROP YOU HERE, DOLAN! EBONY AND I WILL GET THE BLACK QUEEN!

A MOMENT LATER THE SPIRIT IS OFF

WHAT A MAN!

IN THE VAULTS OF THE SUB-TREASURY

I THOUGHT I COULD CRACK A SAFE/BUT BOY, THESE ARE TOUGH BABIES!

SO WILL THE POLICE BE, WHEN THEY GET YOU!

SPIRIT!

BUT BLACK QUEEN IS NOT TO BE CAUGHT. SHE HURLS A GAS BOMB AT THE SPIRIT

SO LONG, SPIRIT!

COME ON, BOYS.. WE'VE GOT TO REACH MY YACHT IN THE HARBOR! ONCE OUT TO SEA WE'VE GOT A CHANCE...

BUT THIRTY FEET ABOVE THEM, VEERING LIKE A BAT BETWEEN THE BUILDINGS, FOLLOWS THE SPIRIT, HIS HEAD-LIGHTS PICKING OUT THE GANGSTERS.

GOOD GOSH! THEY'RE RUNNING DOWN THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN! TAKE THE CONTROLS, EBONY!

WITH THE EASE OF A SKILLED ACROBAT THE SPIRIT CLIMBS ACROSS THE WING AND DROPS ONTO THE ROOF...

HELLO, PIKER! TAKE THIS!

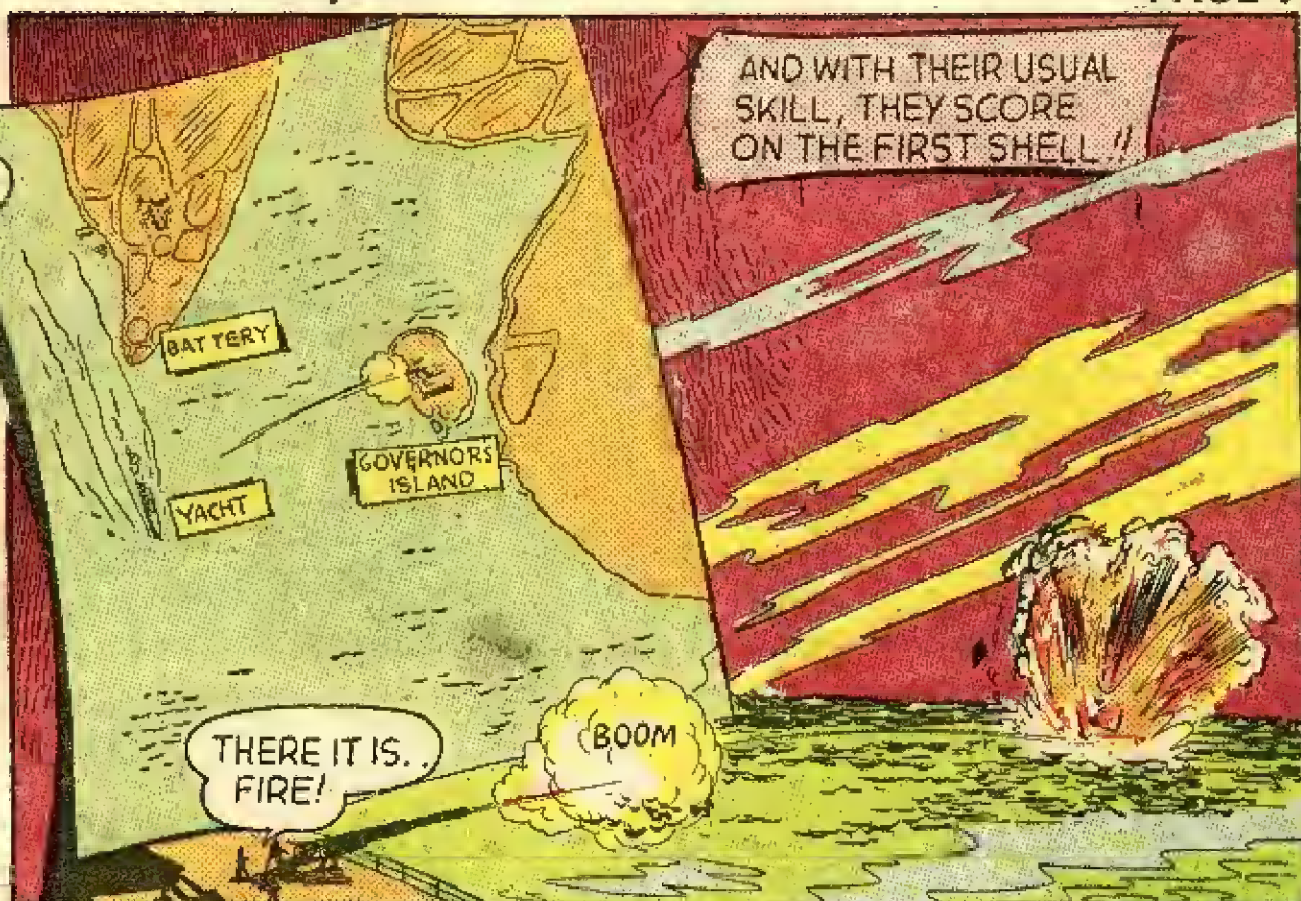
BOSS, Y' DONE MISSED THE QUEEN. SHE'S GOT AWAY!

THE BLACK QUEEN MANAGES TO REACH HER YACHT, AND IS SPEEDING DOWN THE HARBOR.

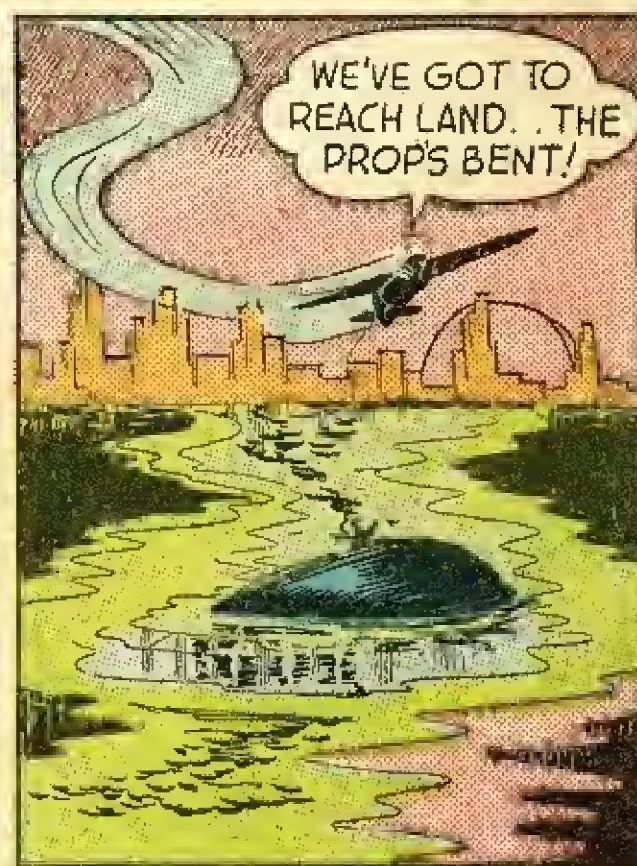
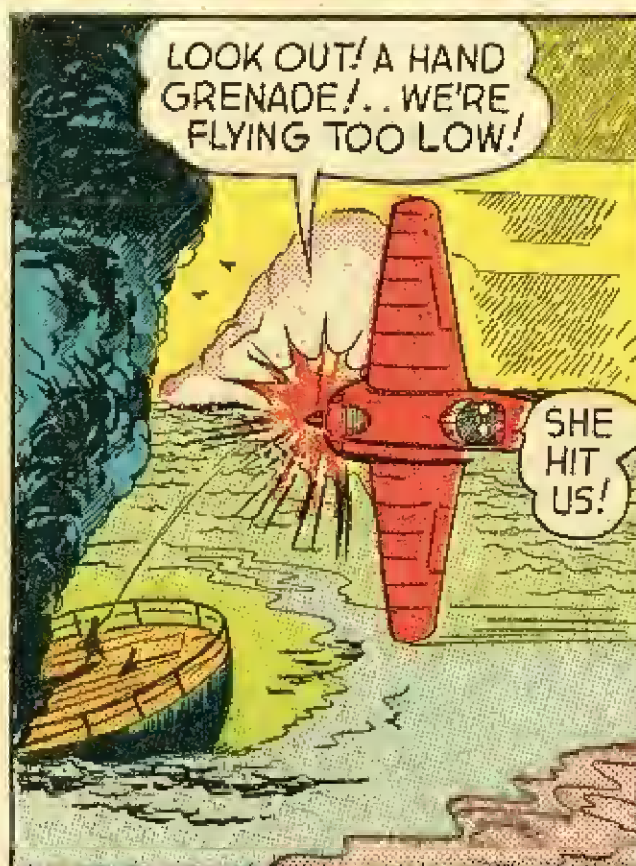
... WITH THE DRIVER UNCONSCIOUS, THE CAR SWERVES AND CRASHES

AS THE SPIRIT CLIMBS TO SAFETY AGAIN...

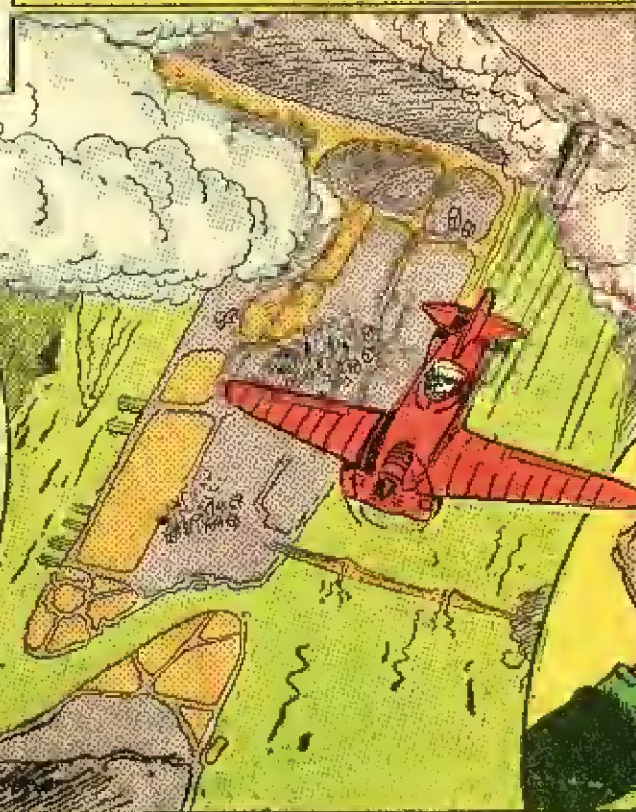
THERE SHE GOES. WE CAN'T STOP HER NOW!



AS THE LAST RAYS OF THE SETTING SUN FILTER THROUGH THE SMOKE OF THE SINKING SHIP, THE BLACK QUEEN TURNS FLAMING EYES SKYWARD AS THE SPIRIT CIRCLES OVERHEAD...



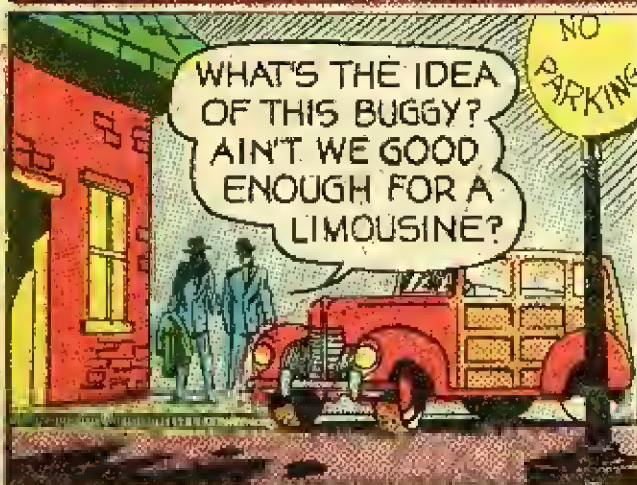
AND HIGH OVER MANHATTAN THE SPIRIT WINGS HOMEWARD.....



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CHIEF HARDY MOORE AND OFFICER FEENY O'MYE ARRIVE AT BLUEPORT, A FASHIONABLE SUMMER RESORT, TO SOLVE A JEWEL ROBBERY.



WHAT'S THE IDEA OF THIS BUGGY? AIN'T WE GOOD ENOUGH FOR A LIMOUSINE?



THAT'S A STATION WAGON, STUPID! YOU HAVEN'T LIVED TILL YOU'VE RIDDEN IN ONE!

YOUR BAGS, SIR?



HERE, MY GOOD MAN, AND SEE THAT YOU HANDLE IT WITH CARE!

YES, SIR!



AND I'LL DO ALL THE TALKING. YOU KEEP QUIET AND TRY TO LOOK SMART. MRS. DEGRAND IS A CULTURED SOCIETY MATRON!

O.K.!



AT THE MAGNIFICENT ESTATE, THEY ARE GREETED BY THEIR WEALTHY HOSTESS



MRS. DE GRAND, I AM CHIEF MOORE.

HOW DO YOU DO? I FEEL SO RELIEVED NOW THAT YOU'VE ARRIVED!



WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE TROUBLE, MADAM?

AMONG OTHERS IN BLUEPORT, I HAVE BEEN VICTIM TO SEVERAL JEWEL THEFTS. YOU SEE...

ER... 'SCUSE ME!



JOCK, WHO IN THE WORLD IS THIS BIG BRUISER?

DUNNO.. LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE GETTING CARELESS AT THE ZOO!



HAVEN'T I SEEN YOU SOME PLACE BEFORE, MISS?

UH.. FEENY'S TH' NAME.. CAPT.. ER.. SERGEANT FEENY O'MYE.

ER.. PERHAPS I'M MARGO SINCLAIR.. MY BROTHER, JOCK..

CHAWMED.. I'D BE DELIGHTED IF YOU'D COME TO MY SWIMMING PARTY TONIGHT, MR. O'MYE!

THAT NIGHT THE SINCLAIR'S POOL IS CRISSCROSSED WITH FLOOD LIGHTS. THE SELECT OF BLUE-PORT GATHERS FOR A MIDNIGHT DIP.



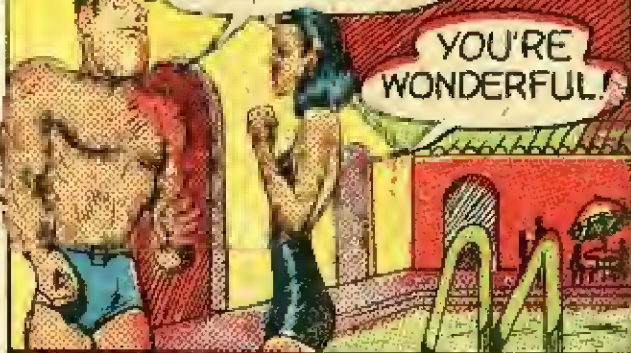
IN THE SHADOWS A LOVELY SWIMMER STANDS ALONE. BRENDA BANKS, TRUANT FROM SOCIETY, ALOOF AND READY FOR ACTION AS THE MYSTERIOUS LADY LUCK.



HM..SO HAND-SOME HARDY HAS BEEN INVITED TOO! SOMETHING IS ABOUT TO POP!

FEENY IS WASTING NO TIME WITH THE CAPTIVATING MARGO.

..AW, THAT WAS ONLY SMALL STUFF YOU SHOULDA SEEN ME WHEN I NABBED RAPONE! HE WAS A TOUGH EGG..



YOU'RE WONDERFUL!

SUDDENLY..



MY DIAMOND NECKLACE IS GONE!

WHAT?!



SOMEONE JUST SLIPPED BY ME AND.. THERE HE GOES NOW, ACROSS THE LAWN!

HARDY SPEEDS AFTER THE DARK FIGURE AS IT DARTS INTO THE SHADOWS OF THE HOUSE..



GOTTA LEARN TO RUN FASTER IF YOU TAKE CHANCES LIKE THAT!



NOW, I'LL TAKE THE DIAMONDS!

B-BUT.. I DON'T HAVE THEM!



THEN I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHAT THESE ARE!

I'VE BEEN FRAMED! I WAS JUST TALKING TO MRS. DE I'M THE GARDENER!

AFTER SEVERAL HOURS THE MAN WILL NOT CONFESS TO THE ROBBERY.



MAYBE HE'S NOT LYING BUT...

TELEGRAM FOR CHIEF MOORE!



WHAT IS IT, CHIEF?

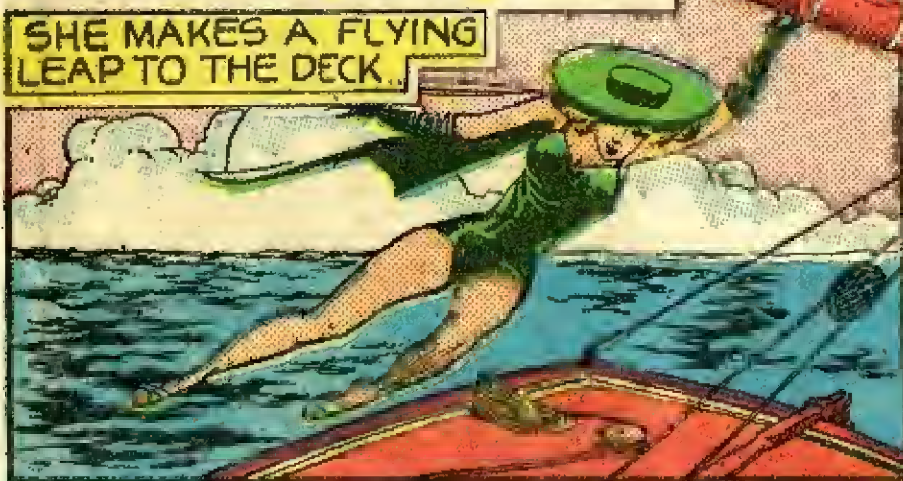
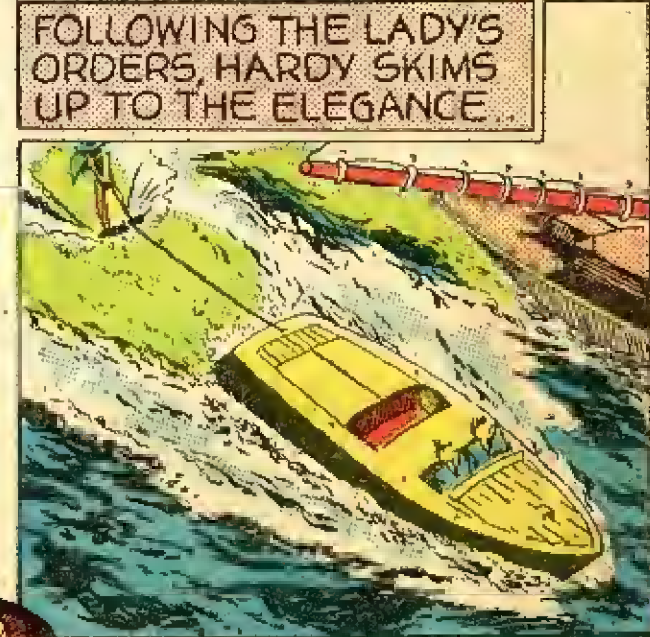
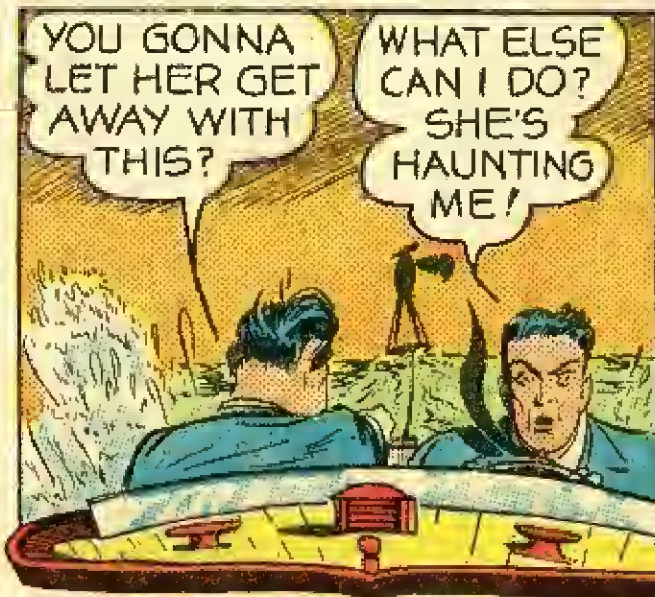
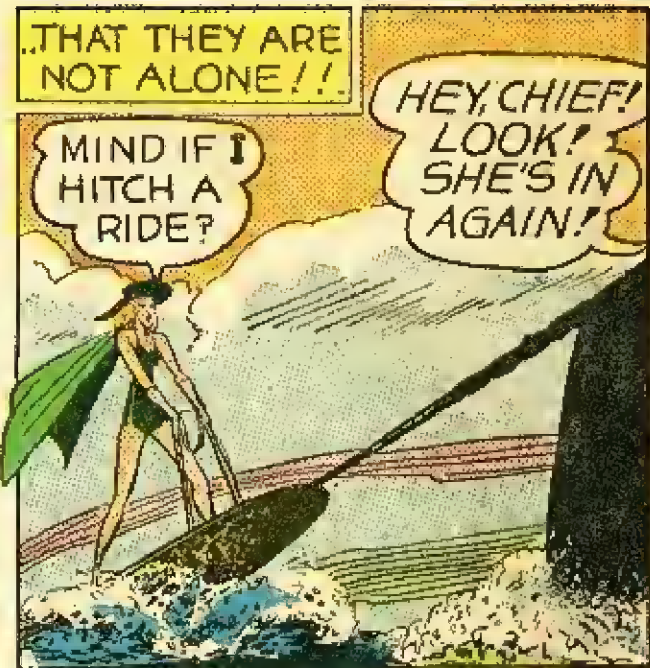
TELEGRAM

YOU SHOULD BE INTERESTED IN THE SAILING OF THE ELEGANCE III TO NEW HAVEN TOMORROW. STOP...

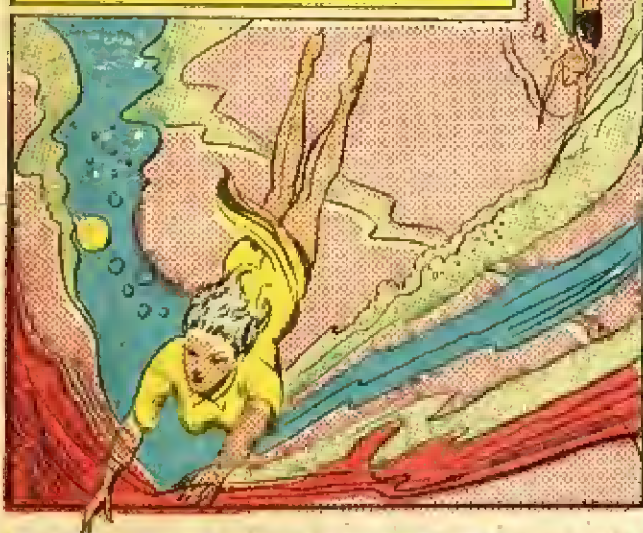
NEXT MORNING.



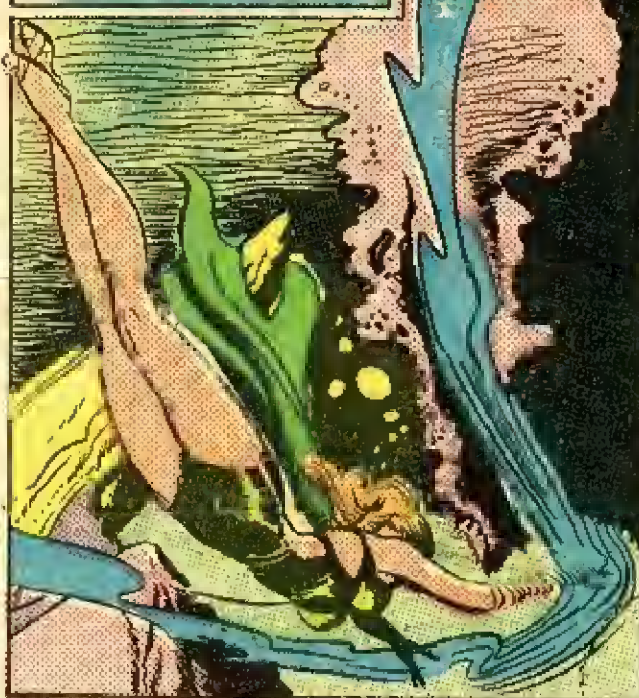
THE ELEGANCE III? WHY THAT'S THE SINCLAIR SLOOP!! MUST HAVE BEEN A CRANK THAT TIPPED US OFF?



MARGO LEADS THE LADY ON A SWIFT CHASE, BELOW THE WATERS OF THE SOUND.



A JAGGED ROCK CATCHES THE TRAILING CLOAK.



LADY LUCK IS UNABLE TO MOVE.



JOCK AND MARGO ARE PICKED UP BY HARDY.



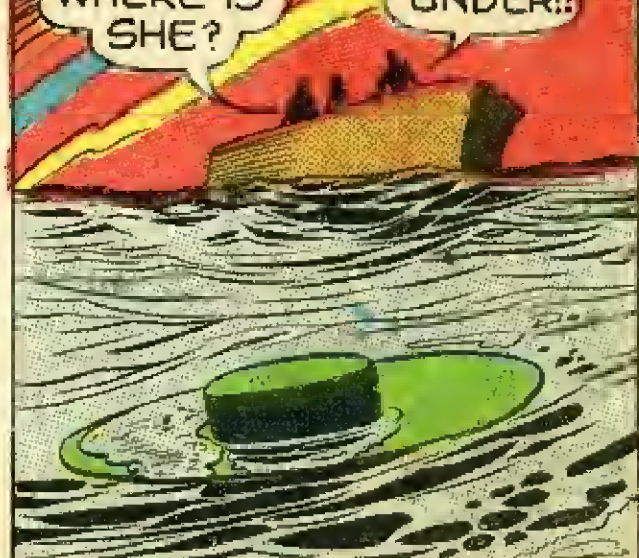
SHE ASSAULTED US FOR NO REASON AT ALL!

SHE'S RAVING MAD!



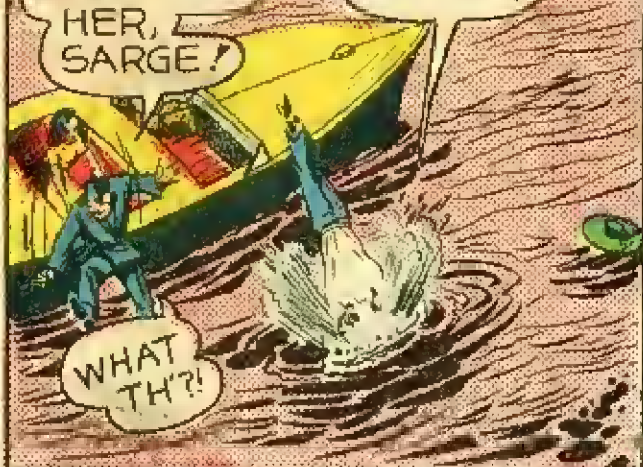
BY THE WAY, WHERE IS SHE?

STILL UNDER!!



BETTER HELP HIM LOOK FOR HER, SARGE!

SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO HER!



HURRY, JOCK! WE CAN STILL MAKE NEW HAVEN IN TIME TO SELL THE STUFF!

MAKIN' A GETAWAY, HUH? WELL... OOPS!



AT LAST, FEENY STRAIGHTENS UP AND WHIPS OUT HIS GUN.

I GUESS THE LADY **WAS** RIGHT! PULL IN TO SHORE, YOU!



FRIGHTENED BY FEENY'S SHOTS, THE SINCLAIRS DRAW UP TO A SMALL DOCK.

THOUGHT THEY COULD MAKE A MONKEY OUT OF ME, DID THEY?



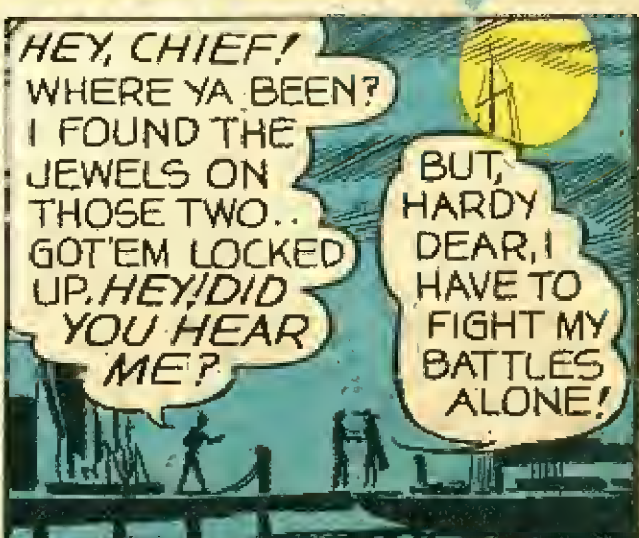
THAT NIGHT ON THE ELEGANCE III.

BUT, I DON'T CARE WHICH SIDE OF THE LAW YOU'RE REALLY ON.. I JUST KNOW THAT IF I HADN'T SAVED YOU.. I'D..



HEY, CHIEF! WHERE YA BEEN? I FOUND THE JEWELS ON THOSE TWO.. GOT'EM LOCKED UP. HEY! DID YOU HEAR ME?

BUT, HARDY DEAR, I HAVE TO FIGHT MY BATTLES ALONE!



DON'T MISS LADY LUCK'S THRILLING ADVENTURE NEXT WEEK!



MR MYSTIC

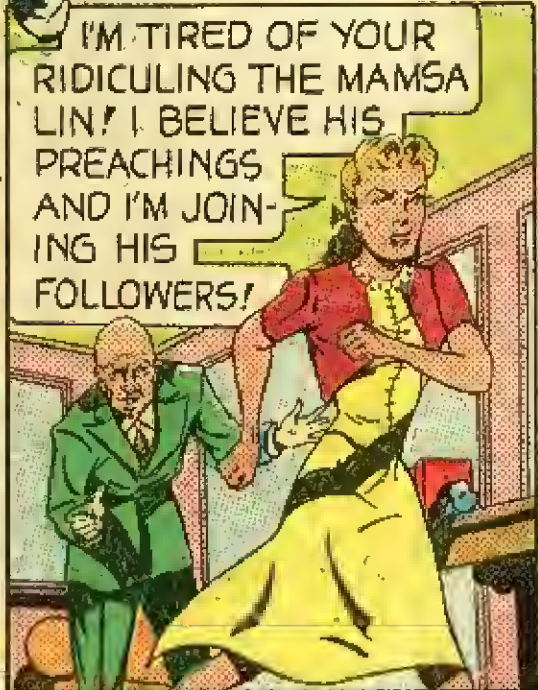
By
W. MORGAN
THOMAS

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ENDOWED WITH STRANGE SUPERNATURAL POWERS BY A MYSTERIOUS GROUP OF LAMAS, MR. MYSTIC, A YOUNG AMERICAN DIPLOMAT, DEDICATES HIS LIFE TO AN AVID FIGHT AGAINST EVIL.

IN A WORLD OF UNREST, MANY FANTASTIC CULTS AND RELIGIONS MUSHROOM OUT.. SOME BAD, SOME GOOD. AMONG THEM IS THE LIN TEMPLE, WHOSE DISCIPLES VANISH MYSTERIOUSLY.

I'M TIRED OF YOUR RIDICULING THE MAMSA LIN! I BELIEVE HIS PREACHINGS AND I'M JOINING HIS FOLLOWERS!



I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING... MR. MYSTIC! HE'S MY ANSWER! IF ANYONE CAN EXPOSE THIS FAKE, HE CAN!



AN HOUR LATER...

MR. COOPER! WELL, YOU'RE A SIGHT FOR SORE EYES! I FEEL LIKE A SIGHT! ERICA IS OFF ON ONE OF HER CRAZY SPREES AGAIN..IT'S DRIVING ME TO DISTRACTION!



SHE'S GOTTEN MIXED UP WITH A RELIGIOUS FANATIC WHO CLAIMS THAT ANYONE WHO FOLLOWS HIM WILL DWELL IN EARTHLY PARADISE. HE'S A CLEVER ONE! I WANT YOU TO EXPOSE HIM AND BRING ERICA TO HER SENSES!

I'LL GO AT ONCE!



MEANWHILE, ERICA COOPER IS GREETED BY MAMSA LIN...

AH! YOUR DAY OF DAYS IS AT HAND! THE REPRESENTATIVE FROM PARADISE IS HERE TO TAKE YOU WITH HIM! COME!



HERE IS THE NEWEST CANDIDATE, OH BROTHER! TAKE HER WITH YOU TO THE LAND OF ETERNAL HAPPINESS!

AYE, COME, CHILD!



WE WILL SOON BE
DEEP IN THE HIMALAYA
MOUNTAINS AND OUR
PARADISE!
STEP INSIDE
MY CLOAK!

CON-
CENTRATE!
OUR SUPERIOR
SECRETS
OF MENTAL
TELEPATHY
WILL HAVE
US THERE IN
A FEW SECONDS

AS THE MAN'S CLOAK CLOS-
ES AROUND ERICA, HER
HEAD BEGINS TO SPIN
SUDDENLY THEY
VANISH

OUTSIDE,
MR. MYSTIC
CLIMBS
THE STEPS
OF THE
TEMPLE
AND
NEARS
THE
BOLTED
DOOR.

WHERE IS ERICA
COOPER, MAMSA
LIN? OH! DID I
STARTLE YOU?
CERTAINLY THE
TRICK OF PROJECTING
ONE'S SELF IS
NOT UNKNOWN
TO YOU?

OF COURSE NOT!
I USE IT OFTEN.
AS FOR ERICA
COOPER, I DON'T
KNOW WHAT
HAPPENED
TO HER!

I HAVE NO TIME
TO WASTE ON
YOU.. THIS'LL
MAKE YOU
TALK!

THEY'VE GONE BY
THOUGHT WAVES TO
OUR TEMPLE..
PLEASE! DON'T
MELT ME
COMPLETELY!

TURNING ON
HIS HEEL, MR.
MYSTIC WALKS
FROM THE
ROOM INTO
SPACE...

SECONDS LATER, HE AGAIN
MATERIALIZES ATOP A HIGH
MOUNTAIN. THE PARADISE
OF LIN IS INSIDE

I'LL FREE
YOU WHEN
I RETURN

BEFORE THE GATES OF THE
CITY, ERICA IS PRESENTED TO
THE CULT'S RULER, GANGA LIN,
THE EIGHT FOOT GIANT WHOSE
MAGIC RIVALS EVEN MR. MYSTIC'S.

W-WHAT
ARE YOU
GOING TO
DO TO THAT
GIRL?

IT IS OUR ANCIENT LAW THAT
BEFORE A NEW MEMBER CAN
ENTER OUR ETERNAL CITY, A
SACRIFICE MUST BE MADE TO
MOLLIFY OUR GODS FOR THE
EXTRA BURDEN! SO, WE KILL
THE SLAVES WE
CAPTURE!

OH! NO! NO!
I DON'T WANT
TO JOIN NOW!



YOU CANNOT WITHDRAW NOW! PROCEED WITH THE EXECUTION!



WIDE-EYED, THE CULT MEMBERS EAGERLY CROWD AROUND THE SACRIFICIAL STAKE, THEIR LIPS PARTED IN CRUEL SMILES OF ANTICIPATION.

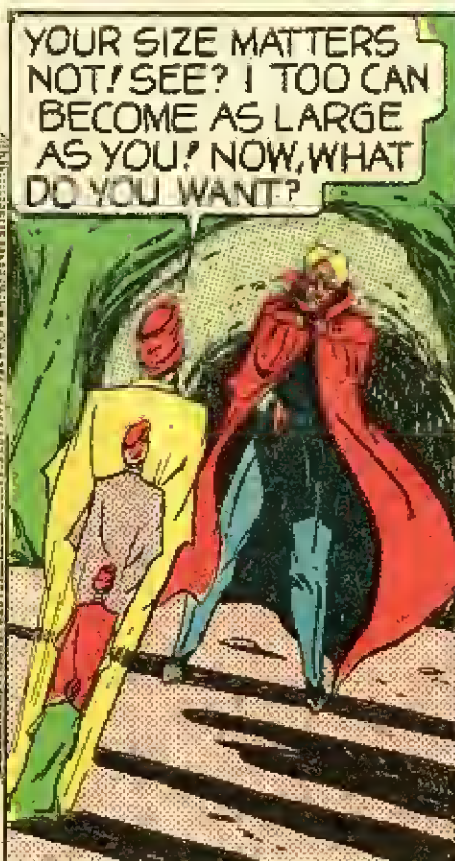


AS THE EXECUTIONER AIMS HIS BROAD SWORD, A BLINDING FLASH SPLASHES OUT, AND IT TURNS TO A DEADLY SNAKE.

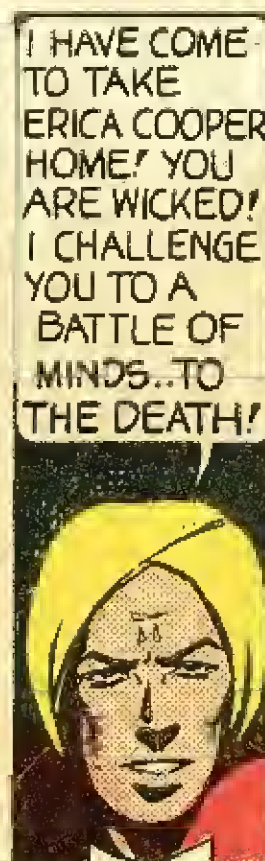


GANGA LIN, YOU'RE A FOOL! YOU HAVE GREAT POWERS. IT IS A PITY THAT YOU WASTE THEM ON YOUR EVIL DOINGS!

MR. MYSTIC! THE PROTEGE OF MY HATED ENEMIES, THE SEVEN LAMAS!



YOUR SIZE MATTERS NOT! SEE? I TOO CAN BECOME AS LARGE AS YOU! NOW, WHAT DO YOU WANT?



I HAVE COME TO TAKE ERICA COOPER HOME! YOU ARE WICKED! I CHALLENGE YOU TO A BATTLE OF MINDS... TO THE DEATH!



I FEAR YOU NOT! I ACCEPT! TAKE CARE!



I WILL MATCH YOU THOUGHT FOR THOUGHT, GANGA LIN! AND IN THE END I'LL CRUSH YOU WITH MY WILL POWER!

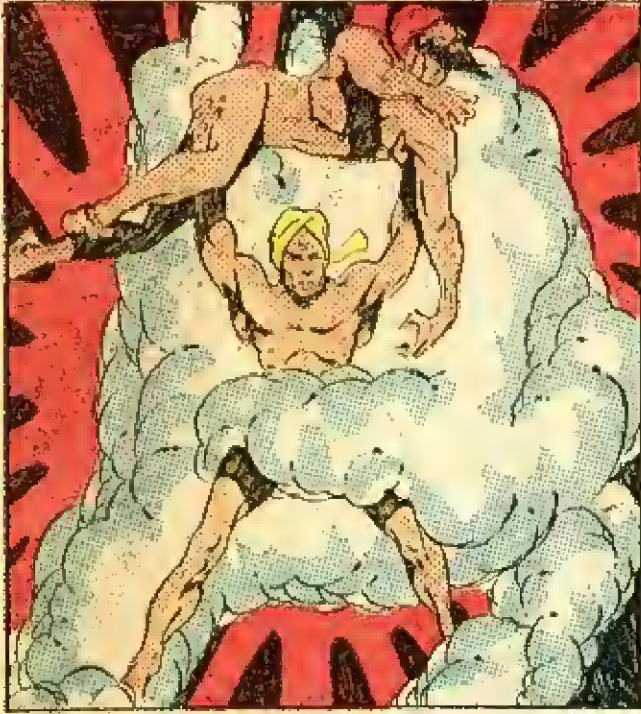


THOUGH THEY SEEM TO STAND AND STARE, THEY REALLY PROJECT THEMSELVES INTO THE FOURTH DIMENSION!



LIKE MIGHTY WRESTLERS, THE MINDS OF THE TWO MEN COME TO GRIPS IN A STRUGGLE THAT CAN END ONLY IN DEATH TO ONE.

FOR ALMOST AN HOUR THE MEN BATTLE FURIOUSLY. FINALLY GANGA LIN WEAKENS AND MR. MYSTIC THROWS HIM OVER ...



NEAR EXHAUSTION, MR. MYSTIC KNEELS BY HIS FALLEN FOE...

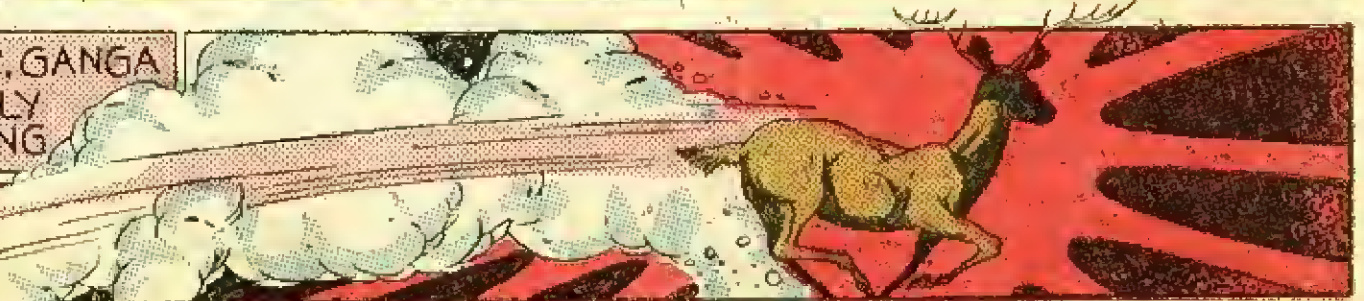


I COMMAND YOU TO SURRENDER! REFUSE, AND I SHALL KILL YOU, GANGA LIN!

I WILL NEVER SURRENDER! NEVER!



TURNING HIMSELF INTO A DEER, GANGA LIN SPEEDS AWAY, DESPERATELY TRYING TO ESCAPE THE BURNING MIND OF MR. MYSTIC



QUICKLY OVERTAKING THE FLEEING BUCK, THE HAWK DIVES...



MATCHING HIS FOE, MR. MYSTIC TURNS INTO A GIANT HAWK

WITH A SWIFT MOVEMENT, SHARP CLAWS AND BEAK RIP THE DEER'S NECK.



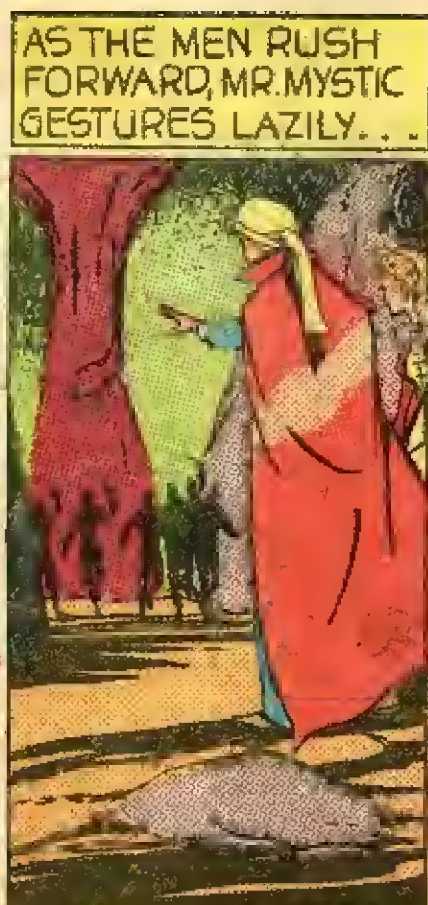
GANGA LIN IS DEAD!

LOOK! THEY'RE COMING AFTER US! WHAT'LL WE DO?





KILL THE INFIDELS!
THEY CANNOT
ESCAPE US!
COME!



AS THE MEN RUSH
FORWARD, MR. MYSTIC
GESTURES LAZILY...



IN A FLASH, THEY STAND
ROOTED TO THE GROUND,
TURNING INTO
STALAGMITES!!



ERICA'S
FAINTED!
GOOD! IT'LL
BE EASIER
TAKING HER
BACK!

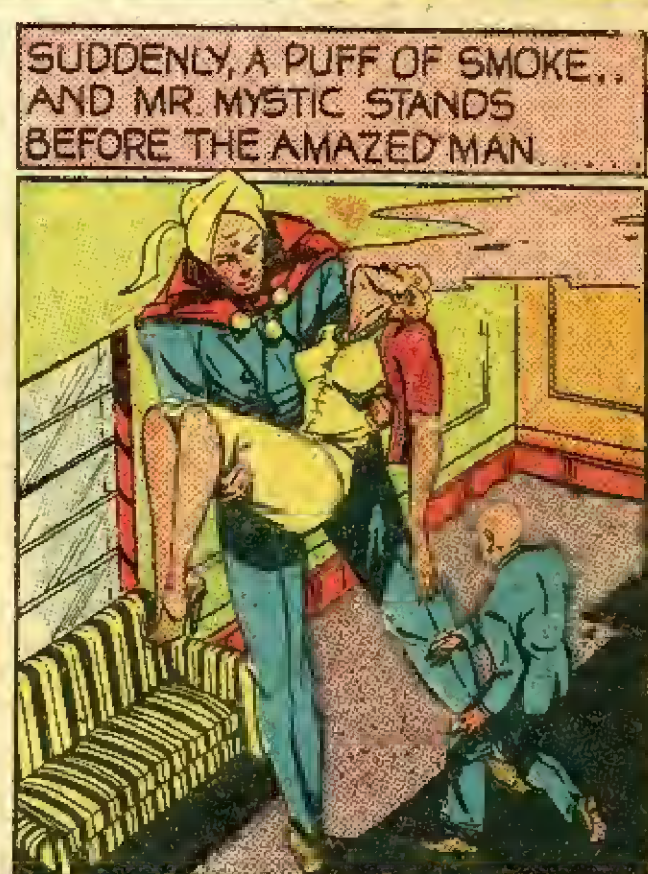


WHEN WE ARE SAFELY
HOME, THE MEN WILL
RESUME THEIR NATURAL
FORM... NO USE WASTING
ANY MORE TIME.

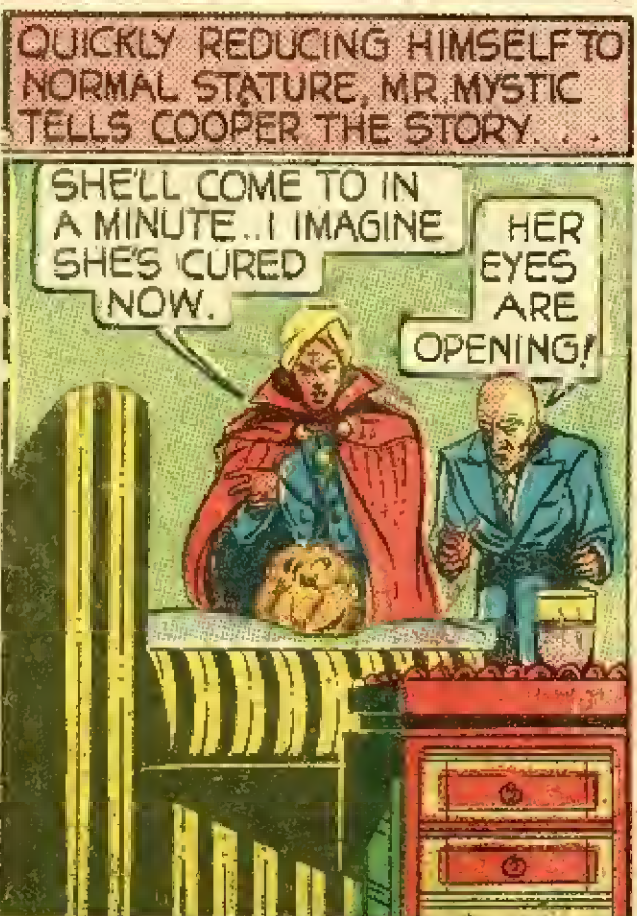


MEANWHILE, ERICA'S FATHER
PACES THE FLOOR RESTLESSLY.

WHERE IN BLAZES CAN
THEY BE? WHY DOESN'T
HE BRING HER BACK?
WHY...



SUDDENLY, A PUFF OF SMOKE...
AND MR. MYSTIC STANDS
BEFORE THE AMAZED MAN.



QUICKLY REDUCING HIMSELF TO
NORMAL STATURE, MR. MYSTIC
TELLS COOPER THE STORY...

SHE'LL COME TO IN
A MINUTE... I IMAGINE
SHE'S CURED
NOW.

HER
EYES
ARE
OPENING!



OH! I MUST HAVE FALLEN
ASLEEP... I'M SORRY! WHO
IS THIS STRANGELY
DRESSED MAN,
DAD?

DON'T YOU
KNOW? WHY
HE...



... HE'S JUST A FRIEND.
HOW DO YOU DO, MISS COOPER?
I AM KNOWN AS MR. MYSTIC...
IF YOU'RE EVER IN TROUBLE,
DON'T HESITATE
TO CALL ON
ME... I AM
AT YOUR
SERVICE.

ANOTHER EXCITING MR. MYSTIC
STORY WILL APPEAR NEXT
WEEK... DON'T MISS IT.